





United States Department of Agriculture



**Light Warns Mariners****of Treacherous Reef**

One of the most famous lighthouses in the world recently celebrated its jubilee. A slim white pillar, known to nearly all sailors, rises out of the sea fourteen miles from Plymouth, England. This is the Eddystone light-house, or, rather, the fourth Eddystone lighthouse. For more than two hundred years, the light from this beacon has safeguarded mariners during the night against the treacherous reef which is its foundation, and which lies directly in the track of vessels entering and leaving the English channel. The first of the lighthouses erected on this reef was a queer affair. It was a tower that looked like a cross between a Chinese pagoda and a Turkish minaret. The outer walls were circled with wide galleries, and were ornamented with painted suns, wooden candlesticks, weather vanes and strange gables. The tallow candles in this wooden lantern were lit for the first time in November, 1608. For four years this queer structure withstood the onslaught of wind and sea. Then one fateful night a terrific hurricane swept away the lighthouse and its occupants. The present lighthouse was designed by Sir James Douglas, and its first stone was laid August 10, 1759.

**Oldest and Costliest****Perfume Is Rose Attar**

Attar of rose is described in pharmacopoeias as the oil distilled from the petals of the damask rose (Rosa Damascena). It is employed mainly in pharmacy for perfuming lotions and medicinal washes, but has a certain reputation in the treatment of painful eye affections, being astringent, like most vegetable substances.

It requires two hundred pounds of almost feather weight rose petals to produce one ounce of attar of rose, so is it any wonder that the perfume in its quaint eastern phials, covered with quotations from the Koran, costs anything up to five pounds sterling a fluid ounce?

Perfume and Turkey produce most of the attar of commerce. India has lost the monopoly, as she has lost the monopoly of cinchona (quinine) and opium, much to the benefit of other countries. Rose water itself is a far older perfume. It is referred to by Alexander in B. C. 140, and the Mohammedan pharmacists, although they introduced its use into Europe, undoubtedly learned it from India, as they learned many other secrets of medicine and pharmacy.—Montreal Family Herald.

**Somewhat Hasty**

Biggott looked up from his massive glass-topped table, and glared at the intruder.

"Well, what do you want?" he rapped out.

The young salesman coughed diffidently.

"Well—oh—sir, I came to see if I could interest you—if you needed—one, of our—"

"Can't be done," snapped the other, "I've got three already."

The salesman's eyes goggled, but he went.

Alone, Biggott smiled at his own cleverness. Then his eye caught the card the other had left on the table, and he picked it up. Dark was his brow as he read, "Sliehem's Artificial Limbs. Consult our sales representative for cork legs, etc."

**Backkeeping's History**

At the eleventh international conference of the Apple Club held in London, Miss A. D. Hote, in her presidential address, recapitulated the history of backkeeping, showing how it appears to have attained its maximum of national importance among the worshippers of the mother goddess in Neolithic or Bronze age times.

It has gradually fallen to its low status of a century ago through the loss of its religious standing, and by the economic difficulties caused by the substitution of other beverages for mead, the diminution of the wax market at the Reformation and especially through the effects of the use of sugar upon the demand for honey.—Nature Magazine.

**Artificial Sunshine**

Imitation sunlight, shining through fake windows to approximate further the effect of real daylight, has been found to speed up the production of night workers, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Experiments in London by the national physical laboratory showed that the eyes are more at home under conditions as nearly as possible like natural daylight, and that better vision resulted in better work. A comparison of the hourly output of night clerks in offices working under ordinary artificial lights and under artificial sunshine showed a distinct balance in favor of the latter. Coloring of the light to approximate the sun's rays was found to be the most essential condition.

**Poultry on Parade**

The largest poultry plant in the world, operated at Reseda, Calif., sells more than 150,000 old hens each year and maintains a flock of 500,000 hens. The statistically minded can calculate that if these 500,000 chickens were marching in a line a foot apart the parade would extend more than 50 miles. This company now uses the poultry inspection service of the bureau of agricultural economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

**HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW****QUESTIONS**

1. Do infected teeth ever affect the eyes?
2. Who wrote "Evangeline"?
3. Who was the first woman governor of a state?
4. What price was paid for the Louisiana Purchase?
5. How does our system of government differ from that of Italy?
6. What treason did Benedict Arnold commit?
7. In the Bible, when are windows first mentioned?
8. Name nine different kinds of fish.
9. How many senators in Congress?
10. What are the pyramids of Egypt?
11. Who invented the Steamboat?
12. Who were the founders of Thanksgiving Day?

**ANSWERS**

- to Last Week's Questions
1. Mucin a lubricant that makes food soft and smooth.
  2. J. G. Whitlier.
  3. Her work in temperance.
  4. Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Dakota, Montana, and parts of Minnesota, Colorado and Wyoming.
  5. No, only 15 per cent.
  6. Capture of Ticonderoga.
  7. Acts 12:2.
  8. Apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, lemons, oranges, strawberries, grapes.
  9. Difficulties of travel.
  10. Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.
  11. Benjamin Franklin.
  12. Wheat, corn, rye.

**SOUTH WOODSTOCK**

Miss Jane Bradbury of the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, was a recent visitor in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Felt and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis as dinner guests Sunday.

Ellis Davis and wife were sent last week as delegates from Franklin Grange to State Grange at Lewiston.

Mrs. Flossie Perham is the assistant in the operating room of Dr. Kay at West Paris.

Everard Harlow has moved his family into the Joe Johnson house at the foot of Johnson hill. Mr. Harlow is working for Billings brothers.

Mrs. Evelyn Applebee and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Benson.

Mrs. Georgie Hendrickson is entertaining her niece, Mrs. Elmer Waterhouse.

Shirley Wilson is working for Kenneth Benson.

Gerald Benson and Harry Silver are working for Alvie Hendrickson.

Winfield Buck is working for G. W. Q. Perham.

Low and Mrs. Wilmer Hendrickson and Mary Hendrickson, Mrs. Myrtle Thor-children were callers on Mrs. Elva Davis Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Vera Buck is assisting with the house work at Anson Cash's.

Gayden Davis is working in the feldspar mill at West Paris.

Miss Ruth Cole, who recently returned to her sister's, Mrs. Ralph Dean's, from the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, has been suffering this week from high temperature and complications, necessitating the services of a physician and a nurse. Mrs. Flossie Perham is night nurse at Ralph Dean's.

**EAST MILTON**

The children at Poplar School will have a Christmas tree Friday, the 12th. School closes for two weeks vacation.

Florence and Lola Billings are among the sick ones this week.

Roger Farnum will have no more dances this winter.

Rose Swan was at Ruth Bryant's last Sunday, also Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carroll and children from Lewiston.

Ruth Bryant will go Saturday to Rumford for the winter.

Clifford Kludge is working for Enos Farnum sawing hard wood.

Arthur Back of West Paris will work for his father, Herbert Back, this winter.

Leola Farnum has traded horses with Blanchard and got a black pair.

Ernest Billings and Aerial Noyes were at Frank Blanchard's one day last week.

Alvin Back was in this place Monday to buy a cow.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavelle Back and children were at Ted Billings' Sunday.

Little Lloyd Billings' arm, which was broken two weeks ago, is getting along better.

Joe Billings hauled wood for Roger Farnum last week.

Harve Billings was in this place Sunday.

**NORTH NEWRY**

Arnold James and his mother were callers in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Walker called on L. E. Wight Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole were guests of H. H. Hanson and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Ferren have gone to Worcester, Mass., where Mr. Ferren has employment for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight and Fred Wight attended State Grange at Lewiston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Byrd of Berlin, N. H., were callers at L. E. Wight's Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morton were overnight guests of relatives in Andover last week.

Schools in town will have their Christmas tree and entertainment Friday night, and will then close for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. A. C. Littlehale and Miss Martha Lane were Saturday night guests at W. B. Wight's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wight of So. Framingham, Mass., were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight, over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ferren were in Portland, guests of relatives over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bean of Sunday River were callers on this river Sunday afternoon.

**Rowe Hill, Greenwood**

The children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Elton Dunham were Thanksgiving guests at Mr. Dunham's.

Edgar Dunham is boarding with his brother Clyde at Locke Mills.

Miss Eunice Salls was the guest of Winifred Bryant last Friday night.

The Crossaders met at Colby Ring's last Friday.

Ray Hanson of Howe Hill was the guest of Carl Brooks last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang were callers at Newton Bryant's last Sunday.

Murray, Hope and Norma Ring are staying at the village at present on account of bad traveling.

The Bryant School and Sunday School are to have a Christmas tree and program at the school house Friday evening, Dec. 12.

School closes December 12 for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Ernest Brooks was called to Shelburne Thanksgiving by the death

of her mother.

Mrs. Margaret Bryant was with her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Ring, Thanksgiving week while her young daughter Lillian was operated on for adenoids and tonsils.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Ring and Wesley Ring entertained 28 guests Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Abbie Hayes and Lee Roberts were week end guests at Wesley Ring's last week.

Colby Ring and family were Thanks-giving guests of Mrs. Ring's sister, Mr. McCallister.

Mr. and Mrs. George Powers are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Orlan York a few days.

**WEST GREENWOOD**

Mr. Ernest Cole of Howe Hill returned from the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, Wednesday.

Edward Cole was in Lewiston one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were recent callers in town.

Book Lawrence of Rumford was in the vicinity recently.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Harrington were callers in town recently.

Mary Lowe of Bethel was a recent caller at Mrs. Crockett's.

Mrs. Cross of Howe Hill has moved to Locke Mills village for the winter so her daughter Annie can be with her.

John Gill is hauling firewood from his farm to his home in Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Sabattus were

callers in this vicinity Sunday.

Cal Cummings is working for John Gill.

Mrs. Bearden spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. Hulbert.

Presque Isle—Plans being discussed for building over Perry Theatre, on second floor of Bank Building, corner of Main and State streets, into apartments.

We have some good used tires that will go cheap for Cash in the following

sizes:

29 x 4.40	31 x 5.25
29 x 4.50	31 x 6.00
29 x 4.75	32 x 6.20
29 x 5.00	32 x 6.50
29 x 5.50	34 x 4.75

36 x 8

O. K. Clifford Co., Inc.  
South Paris, Maine.

**Christmas Shoppers**

I have just returned from Boston. My large assortment of Gifts makes Santa Claus' Work Easy.

GIFTS FROM 25c TO \$25.00

WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR \$1.00

AT

Hills Jewelry Store

B. L. HUTCHINS

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

Here you will find the Best Selection of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, etc.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Watch Inspector for Grand Trunk R. R.

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE



**GREATER**  
**Holiday**  
**SAVINGS!**

SPECIALS FOR CHRISTMAS

**COLEMAN ELECTRIC APPLIANCES**

Irons, Toasters, Waffle Irons, Coffeemakers

10% from the regular prices.

**Community Silverware**

10% from the regular prices.

Good assortment of CHINA and GLASSWARE at the right prices.

SKIS, SLEDS and SKATES, for the boys and girls.

BRIDGE and TABLE LAMPS, from \$1.25 up.

**Echophone All Electric Screen-Grid Radio**

\$59.50 complete with Tubes. Come in and hear it.

**J. P. BUTTS Hardware Store**

Bethel, Maine







## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Rachel R. Mayberry late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

BELLE P. HUTCHINSON  
Nov. 19th, 1930. Bethel, Maine, 34p

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of J. Elvira Austin, late of Hanover in the County of Oxford, deceased, and giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

LEWIS D. POWERS,  
Nov. 19th, 1930. Hanover, Maine, 34p

## NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Alpha T. Powers, late of Hanover in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

BEONA A. POWERS,  
Nov. 19th, 1930. Hanover, Maine, 34p

## STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty and by adjournment from day to day from the third Tuesday of said November. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1930, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Ward K. Swan, late of Bethel, deceased; Will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Herbert P. Swan as executor of the same to act without bond, as expressed in said Will, presented by said Herbert P. Swan the executor therein named.

Levi N. Bartlett, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for an allowance out of the estate of said deceased for care of cemetery lot, presented by Grace B. Tyler, executrix.

Charles H. McInnis, late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Florence M. McInnis, executrix.

Ernest O. Cross, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by Ellery C. Park, executor.

Mary J. Bartlett, late of Greenwood, deceased; 7th account presented for allowance by Ellery C. Park, trustee.

John F. Howe, late of Woodstock, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate, presented by Francis E. Howe, administrator.

Elizabeth T. Stearns, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for determination of inheritance tax, presented by William H. Stearns, administrator.

Levi N. Bartlett, late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Grace B. Tyler, executrix.

Elizabeth T. Stearns, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by William H. Stearns, administrator.

Frank B. Taylor late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Ellery C. Park, executor.

George B. Bennett late of Bethel, deceased; petition that said R. Bennett or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by said R. Bennett, a creditor.

Hosina C. Walker late of Norway, deceased; petition that William H. Walker of said Norway be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased to act without bond, presented by said William H. Walker, heir-at-law.

John A. Douglass, late of Amherst, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased; copy of will and petition for allowance of same by this Court presented by George W. Wells, executor.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 11th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty.

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

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## Mechanical Toys Seen

## as Scientific Wonders

Among African negroes, a doll is supposed to have magical powers, and may be used to ward off evil, or offered up as a sacrifice.

Not so many years ago it was believed that to overcome an enemy it was only necessary to fashion a wax doll resembling him and melt it slowly before the fire, when he, too, would waste away with illness.

Toy animals, like those in Noah's ark, miniature picks, shovels and household articles, such as miniature tea services, were hurled with the dead or were offered to the gods as imitation sacrifices. Thus a farmer would present at his temple little wooden sheep or horses; the housewife would offer small reproductions of household utensils.

Mechanical toys, such as trains, dancing bears and swimming ducks, had quite a different origin. They were produced as scientific wonders, by the great experimenters of long ago, and were regarded as things fit for a king. The more ignorant people believed them to be miraculous and sometimes the makers had narrow escapes from execution as wizards.

## "Roses of Old Virginia"

## Praised by Englishman

In old Virginia there were many kinds of wild roses. As soon as tobacco and cotton plantations were established and houses were built and there was time for beauty, a rose garden was planned, laid out and planted with native roses and the fashionable roses of the Seventeenth century which were brought over from the old country.

These rose gardens are an important and very beautiful feature of every Colonial place. They are very often walled in, and low-clipped box hedges formally divide the beds. The box may be planted in most intricate fashion, as at Mt. Vernon, George Washington's home, or it may be simpler, but it is always well trimmed and cut, as the new owners of these historic old places which were left derelict for long after the Civil war take a great pride in restoring and preserving their beauty and tradition.

—Correspondent of the London Times.

## Cremona Violins

Carlo Bezoni Cremona was an Italian violin maker. He lived from 1690 to 1746. This master has always been considered one of the best pupils of Stradivarius. He made several models usually flat, giving to the inferior part of the body of the instrument in width whatever the superior lost or gained in length. The sound holes, rather far apart, are very near the edges. The scroll lacks roundness, but at the same time has character. His varnish, always rich and transparent, although thick in places, varies from light red to brown red, sometimes amber yellow, and has a tendency to crackle slightly. The tone is particularly beautiful, combining refinement and power, and any violins made by this man are superinstruments.

## Commemorative Stamp

The Battle of Fallen Timbers commemorative stamp issued by the Post Office department is a memorial to Gen. Anthony Wayne, and to commemorate the one hundred and fifth anniversary of this battle. "Mad Anthony" Wayne of Revolutionary war fame was called upon to end the Indian trouble at the frontier, when Harmer and St. Clair had failed. He began his campaign in Ohio in the fall of 1793. In 1794 he was active on the Maumee, and on August 20 defeated the Indians decisively at Fallen Timbers, and in August, 1795, he and 127 of the Northwestern tribes signed the treaty of Greenville, by which the United States acquired a large tract of territory.

## Ancient Mulberry Gardens

Probably few of the guests at the king's garden parties at Buckingham palace associated the beautiful grounds with an attempt to found an English silk industry. In the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, these grounds were known as the Mulberry gardens, a place of fashionable resort mentioned by both Evelyn and Pepys. Dryden, it is recorded, used to repair here to eat mulberry tarts. The mulberry trees had been planted by James I to provide food for silkworms, one of his whims having been an attempt to encourage the production of silk.

## History of Harpers Ferry

Harpers Ferry, W. Va., was named for Robert Harper, who founded it in 1747. He was born in 1703 at Oxford, England, and emigrated to America at the age of twenty. He bought the site of Harpers Ferry for 50 guineas—about \$250—for the good will of a squatter named Stevens and a patent from Lord Fairfax. It was purchased from Harpers heirs by the government in 1794 for the purpose of founding a national armory of 125 acres. Later the site passed under the control of the new state of West Virginia.

Chair throwing has been barred in German political campaigns, but a little mud may be used.

Our people would be more comfortable with fewer missionaries in China and more in Chicago.

Movie musicians are trying to prove that the violin is still a more powerful instrument than the camera.

## MAGAZINE IS PAL OF BOYS

Those boyhood years between the ages of ten and twenty are the impressionable years—the formative years when the fundamental character of a boy is molded into the pattern it will maintain throughout the remainder of his life.

That is why so much importance is placed on the factors that govern the lives of adolescent boys—their companions, their environment, their reading, the food they eat, etc. At this age is determined whether the boy will develop into a cheerful or surly man, generous or selfish, intelligent or dull, ambitious or indolent.

School teachers, librarians, Scout leaders and others engaged in boy activities have found that THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION magazine is one of the most favorable influences a boy between ten and twenty can have. Its stories and articles are a force for good—wholesome, alive, inspiring.

The million or so boys who read this magazine every month consider it their closest friend. In it they find the keenest entertainment, adventure, mystery, athletics, aviation, humor, everything that delights a live-wire American boy. Its sports articles by famous coaches and athletes help boys win places on their school teams. Its professional articles and biographical sketches aid them in selecting their life's work. Its keenly analytical editorials guide them in their daily problems.

That boy or young man in whom you are interested would have a world of pleasure reading THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION. Make a subscription to this magazine your gift to him. Subscription prices are only \$2.50 for one year or \$5.00 for three years. Mail your order direct to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

## NATURE'S PROMISE TIME

Summer has passed, the singing birds have fled; Branches are bare, the crops are harvested; Even the rugged grass is brown and dead.

But see how thrifty Nature now re-trives! Her loss! Beneath those fallen, shriveled leaves Countless small seeds the earth's warm breast receives.

And on each twig's brown tip a bud she wraps,

Snuggly secure, to keep it from mishaps 'Mid snow and sleet, and while the south wind naps.

The stalk may die, but life is in the seed. Nature makes wise provision for her need. Grieve not for changes, but her foresight heed.

The life is in the seed, or in the root; To show again in bud and tender shoot When grass grows green again beneath the foot.

There's much of promise in the waning year! Go, and it, for your comfort and your cheer.

Call not this season desolate and drear. Nor wait to offer thanks until some resurrection morn: Be glad, be thankful now, that life goes on—and on!

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from Page One)

It is an Cunningham had the misfortune of having his foot jammed badly by a large birch bolt falling upon it while at work at the N. S. Stowell & Co. mill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Hutchinson announce the engagement of their daughter, Barbara F. Hutchinson, to Howard C. Miller, formerly of Rumford, but now located at Bethel. The date of the wedding is not yet announced.

The W. C. T. U. held their regular meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. H. I. Bean, Tuesday afternoon. These meetings are growing more interesting and the attendance is increasing.

Number 5 Class of the Congregational Sunday School was delightfully entertained Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, at the home of Mrs. Philip Chapman. After the class work of the evening games were enacted. Refreshments of lemon and fancy cookies were served.

A thief in Honolulu stole a barber's pole from in front of a shop. Police have no description of the fellow except that he has a barber's pole under one arm.

Next year the safety congress ought to hold its meeting jointly with the aviation race and stunt experts.

If the bandits don't quit working so hard and so steadily, they're likely to suffer from a nervous breakdown.

When a professional philosopher marries he may find that he has put philosophy to its most exacting test.

Another crying need of the times seems to be a walled flying field to keep souvenir hunters at a safe distance.

A Pasadena centenarian says anybody can live to be one hundred if he does not worry. But he doesn't tell us how not to worry.

Enthusiasm for a California girl who won a dish-washing contest is reserved until we learn whether she had any competition.

Some Italians who hauled a camel across the Mediterranean in an airplane might be elected to the publicity section of Mussolini's congress.

A Glasgow architect has abandoned his profession to become a Scotch comedian on the variety stage. He should be able to draw good houses.

A California tree, by continuous grafting, is reported to bear 125 different varieties of apples. This is but a puny imitation of the political plum.

Some one has remarked that raising bees will help the farmer. He might try. He is accustomed to being stung by most everything he knows.

Another thing about those short sleeves that the girls are wearing is that they show the world how extensively vaccination has been practiced.

Possibly we could solve the question of city noises and the problem of a surplus cotton crop, at one and the same time, by stuffing the latter in our ears.

Soviet statesman-ships asserts certain refutatory ideals, but always comes to earth when the ancient consideration of the "almighty dollar" asserts itself.

We Suggest  
Printed Personal Stationery  
A Fine, Useful Gift, and  
Inexpensive  
The Citizen — Printers

DON'T DELAY  
STARTING  
YOUR ACCOUNT

WE HAVE always noticed in a man who begins to save, that he also begins to strive to earn more, so that he may increase his savings.

MANY OF the most substantial business men of this community began as young men with savings accounts.

They learned how to build.

They are now provided for.

WE HOPE that you will not delay calling and starting your savings account.

Bethel Savings Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

## Suggestions For



## Christmas Presents

In Our Store You Will Find Many Articles That Make

## Practical Gifts For Anyone.

We List A Few Suggestions

## FOR FATHER

Gloves  
Neckties  
Shirts  
Shoes  
Slippers  
Sweaters  
Caps  
Jackets  
Books

Purses  
Bill Folders  
Hose  
Scarfs  
Handkerchiefs  
Suit Cases  
Bath Robes  
Overshoes  
Traveling Bags

## FOR MOTHER

Handkerchiefs Umbrellas  
Hand Bags Bath Robes  
Hose Week End Cases  
Silk Underwear Suit Cases  
Sweaters Sport Jackets  
Mottos Moccasins  
Calendars Overshoes  
Gloves Book Ends  
Slippers Clocks

## FOR SISTER

PURSES  
HOSE  
NECKLACES  
SLIPPERS  
UNDERWEAR  
OVERSHOES  
RUBBERS  
HANDKERCHIEFS  
GLOVES  
BOOKS

## FOR BROTHER

BOOKS  
OVERSHOES  
RUBBERS  
SLIPPERS  
HOSE  
GLOVES  
CAPS  
MITTENS  
TROUSERS  
NECKTIES

## FOR THE HOUSE

BLANKETS  
TABLECLOTHS  
NAPKINS  
TOWELS  
CURTAINS  
SHEETS  
BED SPREADS  
PILLOW CASES  
COUCH COVERS  
COUCH PILLOWS  
CLOCKS  
AUTO ROBES

BETHEL ROWE'S MAINE

## We Print

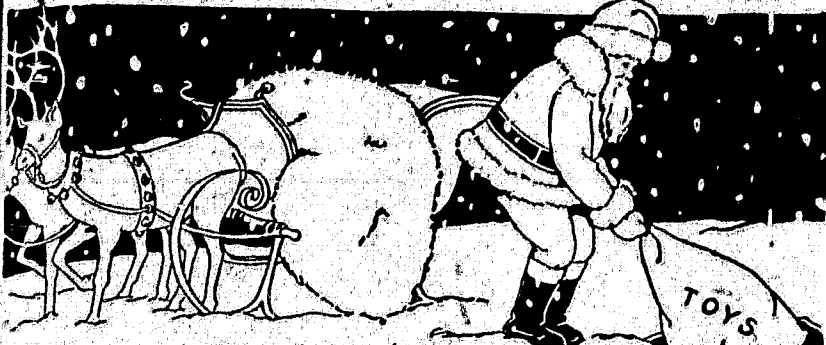
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BLANKS  
CARDS  
TAGS

... and guarantee your satisfaction with our work  
THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS









## The TIN SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

by J. RAE TOOKE

IT WAS the day before Christmas. In Santa Claus' workshop all was noise and bustle. The Tin Soldier was standing very straight. He looked towards Dolly Dimple and a look of loneliness came into his face.

"You don't happen to know a place where they want a doll and a tin soldier, too, do you, Santa?" he asked anxiously.

"Hm-m-m, let me see," Santa stroked his long white whiskers thoughtfully. His eye traveled slowly down the list of names before him.

"I haven't come to any yet, but I'll see what I can do. You two have always been great friends, haven't you? You were made by the same little brownie, perhaps that is the reason."

Dolly Dimple skipped over and threw her arms about the bright, red shoulders of the soldier.

"Let's hope for the best, captain. I think we can trust Santa."

Christmas eve came, clear and frosty. At last all was ready; the boys in the sack were tucked away in the back of the sleigh, and with a mighty leap into the air, the reindeer started.

Cheerily rang the bells as the sleigh bounded over the ice. In the sack the toys were chattering gaily.

"I hope I will go to some one who will keep my pink silk dress clean," said Beauty, the proud, unbreakable doll.

"Well, nobody can hurt me very much," piped Peter, the rabbit, patting his stuffed sides.

The Tin Soldier said nothing. He could feel Dolly Dimple's little hand in his and he was hoping for the best. Suddenly crack, crack, crack went the ice beneath them. Then bump! and out of the sleigh bounced the sack of toys.

"We're in the water!" shouted Jack Tar, the dancing sailor. And sure enough, there they were, bobbing about in the cold water.

Santa jumped from the sleigh which had landed on firm ice. Just

Dolly Threw Her Arms About the Shoulders of Tin Soldier.

When the Tin Soldier stuck his head out of the top of the sack, "Swing your whip this way, Santa," he called. "I'll catch it and you can pull us over the edge."

Santa swung his long whip and the soldier stood up very straight to catch it. Once, twice, three times he tried and missed, but next time, just as the water was seeping through the sack, he caught it.

"Oh, I want more than ever to be left with you, captain," whispered Dolly Dimple, as she snuggled close to the Tin Soldier.

On and on they went. At times it seemed they must be flying through the air, but all at once they stopped.

"The coaster with the shiny runners," called Santa. "A little boy lives in this farm house and he especially wants a sled."

There was more room after the coaster had gone and the boys came more and more often as they drew near to a big city. One by one the boys were going and still Dolly Dimple clung to the arm of the Tin Soldier.

"They were in the city now and suddenly the sleigh stopped before a plain frame house.

"There's no chimney big enough for me here," said Santa as he shouldered the sack of toys and started for the door.

On the back of a worn tapestry chair was one thin little stocking. Santa put his hand inside, pulled out a note and began to read. The Tin Soldier could hear the words though they fell in whispers from Santa's lips, and his heart almost stopped beating.

"Dear Santa Claus: 'Please can I have a soldier with a red coat? I can play fort with him. That's all, Santa, and thanks, Santa, dear. Your friend, Jimmie.'"

er," he said, as his hand touched Dolly Dimple and the soldier. "What am I to do now?" He looked at the note again.

There was a rustling in the sack and the Tin Soldier stood up. Then he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head.

"I'll go, Santa. I'm ready."

"Thanks, captain, you're a brave man," said Santa as he stooped to lift him up.

Gently he was placed away down in the toe of the stocking while candles and nuts came thundering down beside him.

For a few moments there was dead silence all about him, then came the creaking of the floor and a soft closing of the outside door. Straining his ears he caught the last faint tinkle of the sleigh bells as Santa and Dolly Dimple sped away into the night.

How very still it was then and oh, how dark. The Tin Soldier shivered in spite of himself. Somewhere in the house a clock was ticking: tick, tick, tick. How slow and tired it sounded. If only it would go a little faster. Maybe in the daylight he wouldn't be so lonely. Where was Dolly Dimple. Would he ever, ever see her again?

Pretty soon he could make out the shapes of the nuts and candles around him. Then suddenly he heard the creak, creak of footsteps somewhere in the house.

Nearer and nearer they came. The chair moved, then a little hand came creeping down into the stocking, and then quick as a flash the Tin Soldier was whisked up into the light.

"Oh! Oh! A Tin Soldier!" gasped a little boy, and the Tin Soldier knew it must be Jimmie.

"Look, Mamma, look what Santa brought!" Jimmie whispered loudly while he gently shook his mother's arm. "A soldier! I'm going to take him with me to Auntie's today."

And that is how it happened.

Eagerly he ran on ahead of his parents that night and was first at the door of his auntie's house.

"Jessie, Jessie, see what Santa gave me!" he called breathlessly the minute he was inside the door.

His little cousin came running to meet him. "Oh, Jimmie, just what you wanted, a Tin Soldier! But wait till you see what he left me!"

She hurried out of the room and came running back with something held tightly in her arms. The Tin Soldier's heart almost stopped beating.

There was Dolly Dimple, sure enough, smiling her dimpled smile at him from little Jessie's arms.

"Santa found out that Jessie and Jimmie were cousins, that's why he left me here," Dolly Dimple whispered in the ear of the Tin Soldier some time later.

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**Red Is Most Cheerful Christmas-Time Color**

Red is regarded as the most cheerful of all colors. It is said to react the most quickly on the optic nerve. Decorations available at the winter solstice include holly, the berries of which are red. It grew to be the custom to use holly and berries of a similar nature in preparing for the festival of Christmas. By virtue of the association of ideas red came to be connected with the Christmas season.

**Santa Brought These**

Red Is Most Cheerful Christmas-Time Color

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Red Is Most Cheerful Christmas-Time Color

## BETHEL TO BERKELEY BY AUTOMOBILE

Continued from Last Week

We learned that Bishop Brown had concluded the session of the Methodist Conference there, just the day before. So we just missed seeing him. Although late afternoon, we decided to go as far as we could towards Yellowstone. So we loaded up with gas and food supplies, fruit, bread, etc.

The drive up through the Shoshone Canyon, through tunnels, past the great dam, along the ten miles of artificial lake, then into the foothills was a delightful one. The road was too full of curves to suit Madeleine, but she and the kiddies got fun trying to pick out many of the strange rock formations, which were announced along the way. After dark it began to get cool, but we were seen at the last camp east of the boundary.

We had a double cabin underneath lofty pines, cool and quiet. The manager and his wife were Methodists from Cody, so we had a pleasant stay. They lent me a hose, while I cleaned some of the gumbo off Elizabeth the next morning.

Madeline and the kiddies will not forget the winding climb through Sylvan Pass, chiefly on the old road (for they are constructing one of better curves and grade). Horseshoe and hairpin turns, and at the top, you make a complete circle and cross on a bridge the road you have just traversed. We spent Tuesday, Wednesday and half of Thursday, and saw samples of about everything worth seeing. There are so many geysers, that it would take a long time to visit and appreciate them all. The first night we were at Old Faithful, and the second at Mammoth Hot Springs. The kiddies certainly enjoyed, especially the geysers, the bears, etc. The scenery was wonderful but too grand for Madeleine. The Grand Canyon was too much for her. And the drive over Mt. Washburn, when we ascended to over 10,000 feet, nearly drove her crazy. Unfortunately having got started, on the one-way road, there was nothing to do, but go ahead. The view was really marvellous, but Madeleine and the kiddies were too nervous to enjoy it. From the top we had a ten mile descent, most of it in second gear.

We heard the lecture at the bear feeding ground near our camp at Old Faithful, and intended to take all the food off our car. But I forgot some bags of fruit, which we had in with the other stuff in a luggage rack on the left running board. In the morning we found the rack bent down and twisted beyond recognition, while the contents strewn the ground. The bear evidently stepped on Ray's aluminum cup, for it was well caved in. Shortly before that a person with a closed sedan, failed to take the food out. The big bear, unable to get in doors and windows, climbed on the top, crushing the top right in, and it was some problem to get him out again. The day before, not wanting to meet like fate, a party left their sedan window open. They returned to find they had had a visitor. His claw marks were on the door, inside on both seats, and he had cleaned out all the food within. Because so many people had been bitten this year fooling with the bears, Madeleine was very timid, and would hardly let us get near enough in the car to one to snap his picture.

Another escape from accident occurred on a one-way road due to carelessness. We had stopped to get just something in the car, and were ready to start again. I looked around and saw a car coming, and waited for it to pass. But I failed to see a second car coming further back. Evidently, it was rapidly approaching when I started to swing into the road. He took it as I realized his position, and jerked back. So we did not hit each other, but his rear wheel slipped off into a wet ditch, and as he would not pull his body out, so he hit back a low line to Eber's car, just as a car came along, and went, and came to a stop on his side. The man was very good about it and we were about to leave. This car had been parked where we were on the north side of the road.

From the time we left the camp at the end of the trip, we were bound for the southern edge of Montana. The road south through Idaho, and up the night at Berkeley. From there we found good roads for the rest of the trip. Saturday morning we looked around a bit, went out to the lake on Great Salt Lake. The road around the south end of the lake towards the desert. As we did not have Salt Lake City until noon and found variable roads after we entered into Nevada, we left that we had done well to cover 225 miles. It is a shame to say much about the desert but it left indelible impressions. The vast stretches of salt had in the desert were interesting. The road was very dry miles or more, straight as the salty wastes. Every four miles along the way is a beacon light. These beacon lights follow this Liberty Highway. U. S. No. 40, all the way across

Nevada also. They are to guide the driver at night. For an hour or so that evening we saw them beckoning away ahead of us, before we reached a camp at Mountain View, Nevada.

We had planned two days from here to Reno, but someone said it could be done in one. In fact a party at the camp had come through that day. So we decided to get as early a start as possible and go as far as we could. Nevada has plenty of desert and dust, and is making some very necessary improvements in her roads. But we were too early to enjoy these improvements except for a few sections. Here we met our first tire trouble on the road. Once in Chicago, and once in Wyoming, we had picked up nails, but these leaks had not shown themselves until we reached our destination, slowly leaking out through the night to give me a job in the morning. But this time it was a grain of sand we picked up which gave us trouble at noon-day. After lunch at Battle Mountain, Nevada, we came out to find a front tire flat. It was the work in the blazing sun, with no tires handy, but I got it fixed up after much perspiration. We went on another hour, only to find it growing soft again. My patch was good, but another similar hole had appeared. This time I cleaned the tire with care, even to two or three little grains of sand. But evidently one got in somehow. For after dark, with twenty-five miles from our destination, Reno, she began to grow soft again. It was a slow leak, but blowing it up with air, I risked it for that twenty-five miles. I carried Madeleine some, and when the last ten miles or so took us on a wild ride through canyon and ravines of mountains above Reno, she again got her fill of thrills. But that was the day, when we made a record drive of 345 miles. We had counted on staying at a certain camp, but found it full. So the next best that offered was in a camp where most of the cabins were rented by divorcees. He only had one empty. But he let us also have one of these rented cabins, where the lady had just had gone away on a trip somewhere. They take residence, rent a cabin, and then play around as they please. In the morning, we looked around Reno a bit, got Elizabeth greased up, before tackling the Sierra Nevada. It did not take long to get to the California boundary, where we had to register, get a permit stuck on our windshield, listen to a lecture on the high mortality rate of pedestrians in California in this motor age, and allow our luggage to be inspected for corn borers, or Japanese beetles. We only went ten miles through the mountains, gradually downward to Sacramento, where we spent the night. But the road was all curves, heavy grades, up and down. So you can imagine that Madeleine did not enjoy it much.

We found ourselves almost at Oakland on Monday, when a wire put expected until Saturday. We had grand that much time on our schedule through favorable conditions. So we had decided to include Yosemite and Los Angeles in our trip. In and out of Yosemite was even worse than Madeleine expected, and the exit down

Fresno, was about the most difficult driving I have ever met. Just a continuous concatenation of hairpin and horseshoe curves for miles. One had to twist the wheel so fast, this way or the other, that we would get dizzy. Being chiefly dirt road and narrow, did not enhance its attractions for Madeleine. The kiddies found bear and deer to feed in the park and saw the Big Trees at Mariposa, but the falls were dry and everything was dry and dull in coloring.

From Fresno on Thursday, after a long straight road through farming lands and oil fields of San Joaquin valley, we entered the mountains bordering the Mojave desert, and wound around on the ridges for forty or fifty miles, until we began to drop down into the environs of Los Angeles. After what I have seen of mountain roads of all descriptions, I realize how feasible roads are, through even the worst parts of Eng-Tek-Tien.

Spent night in Glendale, cut through the edge of Hollywood, then up the coast a ways on the Roosevelt highway. Here in places they are spoiling famous beaches by drilling for oil right out in the ocean. And you see the oil derricks by the hundreds standing out in the water. We did not undertake to go from Los Angeles to Oakland in one day. I had that thought before I realized how far it was. Only 450 miles, and Oakland is 200 miles from the northern border of California, while Los Angeles is nearly that far from the southern line. We surely have learned some geography since we

struck California. No wonder one of these Californians said, when I said I lived in Maine, "Oh, indeed, why, my grandfather used to live in Boston, Maine." My ignorance of the West was colossal, I find. We have been disillusioned about some things such as the weather, but on the whole, I have seen worst places to live.

About halfway up the coast, we lodged at San Luis Obispo. Good weather on Saturday allowed us to get in Oakland before dark, but also permitted a detour near Santa Cruz, to see some more big trees.

I guess I have hinted at all the various types of experiences we met on the trip. The kiddies stood the journey fine, and on the long tiresome days, stood the strain like heroes.

THE END.

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## BOSSERMAN'S



